

Sick of Losing Soulmates

Reddie Fix Its - I

haders

Sick of Losing Soulmates by haders

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Summary:

“Is this a bit? Because if this is a bit...”

“It’s not a fucking bit!”

Richie sees Eddie's death in the deadlights and saves him. AKA what two dumb gays have to say for themselves.

Sick of Losing Soulmates

Author's Note:

So many plot holes in this one scene. Might post some more fix-its.

Title is named after the song by Dodie.

Awesome Reddie playlist on Spotify, in case you need it in your life:

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/5tt3WKMNzDrQsyRPYi2XF3?si=tSRm3C-LTXqtyUXC99OI0A>

“Richie! Hey, Rich!” His eyes lids were like sandpaper as he blinked and looked up at Eddie. “There he is! Hey, man! I think I killed It! I think I—”

Richie’s ears were suddenly filled with cotton, he could see Eddie’s mouth still moving, almost grinning, but couldn’t hear him. Blood, there was so much blood. *Where— where?* His eyes were filled with tears, vision blurry, he grabbed Eddie roughly by the shoulders and pulled. *Is this real? Please let this be the real Eddie.*

“Rich, what the fuck, man?” He yelped as Richie hugged Eddie close to his chest and rolled them off the rock into the cavern below. They tumbled and fell in a heap, Richie on top of Eddie, Eddie’s back slammed against the dry rock, the wind knocked out of him.

A horrific screech bellowed behind them and Richie heard the scratch of It’s claw retract from the rock they were just on. H missed. Holy shit, Richie fucking saved him. The deadlights were wrong. They were wrong!

“Play fair, Richie!” It bellowed with a hysterical laugh as It bounded off to find another loser to torment for the time being.

“Eddie?” Richie huffed out, frantically looking down to his abdomen, hands pushing back his jacket and searching for blood. “You okay?”

“Yeah, fuck, Rich,” Eddie coughed and squirmed a bit on the ground. Eddie swatted his hands away. “Stop getting so handsy! What the fuck happened?”

“The deadlights—” Richie patted Eddie’s chest and frantically moved his jacket aside. “The— you— It— Fuck, Eds, you were shish kabob-ed!”

“Slow down, *what?*”

“There’s no time, I—” Richie, satisfied with Eddie’s intact abdomen, rushed aside and started to pull Eddie up. “I gotta get you out of here, it’s not safe, I—”

Eddie struggled, but did follow Richie down through a crack in the rock with a bit more cover. “The deadlights,” he huffed trying to make sense of Richie’s panic. Suddenly it clicked. “Bev said she saw how we—” his voice died in his throat, he choked and Richie looked back at him, pain stricken, and nodded.

A beat and then Eddie laughed. Richie’s eyes narrowed and he grunted. “Fuck—”

“I though I saved you, Rich,” Eddie said with a chuckle. “Figures you would try to one up me even when I am trying to save you. Make up for the fact that I fucking—”

“I love you,” Richie blurted out with a wince.

“Well that was unexpected.”

“Shut up, fuck face.”

“Is this a bit? Because if this is a bit...”

“It’s not a fucking bit!”

“This isn’t really the time for one of your bits, Rich, I—”

They both jumped when one of It’s freakish spider legs crashed into the rock face outside the cavern.

“Richie, come out and play with me!” It cried before singing. “I know your secret; your dirty, little—”

“I’ll be right out, Penny-baby!” Richie interrupted It, despite the snark he shuddered a bit. He looked back at Eddie and searched his eyes for something, anything, any sign of reaction, but didn’t see much.

“I love you,” Rich repeated. “Not a bit. Not a joke. Ever since we were kids, fuck. I don’t want to die in this hell pit without telling you. And—and when I saw you die, even if it was the fucking deadlights, I didn’t want you to die without hearing me say it either.” He breathed a sigh of relief, but in typically Richie Tozier fashion, he couldn’t appreciate silence and continued to ramble.

“You don’t have to say anything back. Obviously. I mean, *obviously*, you’re married, probably straight. Yikes, am I fitting the gay dude falling in love with his straight friend trope? Probably. If I wrote my own jokes I’d have to put that in. Also will have to put in the fact that I’m being outed by a demon clown from space, but not sure if that joke will land or—”

“Rich,” Eddie began, brain suddenly back online.

“Probably why I don’t write my own material. You knew that, though, before I even said anything...”

“Richie,” Eddie continued, taking a step toward him. Richie took a step back.

“You know, I’ll have to tell your mom about this,” Richie continued to verbally vomit. “I’m sure she will be fine with it. It’s just emotional cheating, right? Not cheating on her, not *really*.”

“*Richie*,” Eddie pushed, taking another step, causing Richie to press his back against the rock.

“Heh, yeah, buddy, what’s up?” Richie asked with nervous laughter, realizing he was trapped. Eddie was smiling at him. *Why was he smiling?* “Why are you smiling at me?”

“Shut *up*,” Eddie said, putting a hand on Richie’s shoulder, further

pushing him into the rock face and pressing up on his toes to kiss him. Square on the mouth.

Richie's brain went offline and he felt like he was floating, but—

"I love you too, you idiot," Eddie whispered before kissing him again and Richie's whole body engulfed into flames. He felt like his limbs were being consumed by lava, his whole body shuddered at the realization. *Eddie loves him.*

"Is this a bit?" Richie broke off the kiss to mock him in his best Eddie Kaspbrak impression and then coughed a laugh as Eddie grunted in annoyance, mouth opening ready to throw one of his *Kaspbrak-not-taking-your-shit-Tozier* retorts, but Richie grabbed his arms and shook his head. "Sorry— sorry, I'll shut up."

His hands desperately reached behind and wrapped around Eddie's back, latching onto him and holding his jacket in white-knuckled fists. The last kiss was chaste and quick, but once it ended, Richie burrowed his head in Eddie's neck and clung to him. Tears streamed down his face and he could feel Eddie's breath at his ear, whispering, "I love you, too." Good, he didn't imagine it then.

"For reals?" Richie asked, pulling back and ducking his head to search Eddie's eyes. "For real, for reals? Like you can't fuck with me here, Eds. Can't tell me what I want to hear, I—"

"What the fuck? You don't believe me now?! Are *you* fucking with me?"

"I'm not fucking with you!"

"Because that would be the worst fucking shit. I just saved your life and—"

"Technically I saved yours, too, and we're not sure if the deadlights really kill you, are we?"

"Are you trying to delegitimize my saving your ass?"

"Big words there, Ed Spaghet, as a matter of fact, I—"

They both jumped when something slammed against the opening to the cavern. Rocks burst in through the opening and they ducked and stepped further inside.

“Rich! Eds! You okay?” Bev shouted, hysterical.

“Peachy keen! Safe to come out or is the giant spider freak still there?” Richie called back. He turned to Eddie, “they got this handled, right?” Eddie ignored the joke.

“You have the worst timing, Tozier,” he said with a smirk, pulling back and rubbing Richie’s upper arms soothingly. Richie reached up a hand to remove his glasses and rub his tear-stricken eyes with his sleeve, huffing out a noise of disbelief. *When did he start crying?*

“Timing has never been my forte. And fuck if I was going to let the clown say it.” Richie choked out through a sob. “Fuck, I don’t want to die.” *Wow, honesty was new.*

“We’re not gonna die. You drop a fucking shit storm bomb like that and you think you’re going to get off easy? No, we’re definitely taking about this later,” Eddie shook him by the shoulders a bit.

“Oh, Eds, I knew you would make even a love confession a neurotic three hour discussion with your therapist. Good thing we burned your inhaler, eh?” Rich said with a smirk as Eddie punched him in the arm.

“I almost killed him,” Eddie said suddenly, blinking. “The Leper, I mean. I had my hands around It’s throat and I could feel It choking— feel him getting weak. I made him small and it was like— it was like it was possible.”

“Shit, you, what?” Richie blinked and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. “And you just say this *now*?”

“What can I say? Almost dying sort of jogged my memory a bit,” Eddie argued. “Also, Mike’s plan was supposed to work! Didn’t really need my strangling anecdote until now.”

“How do we do it, Eds? How do we make It small? Don’t think all our hands combined could fit around that fucking spider neck. Do spiders

even have necks?”

“How did anyone ever make us feel small?” Eddie retorted and winced a bit at his lame answer. *It could work. Couldn't it?*

“Sorry, you're not saying to bully the clown are you? Am I understanding correctly or has all the blood left my head and went straight down to my—”

“Beep beep, motherfucker.”

“No need to bring up your mom and I again—”

“Fucking can't believe I love you,” Eddie said with an adoring smirk and pushed past Richie to get to the opening of the cavern. He reached out a hand, which Richie took without hesitation. They laced their fingers together and jumped down into the pit, ready to throw their worst at the demon fucker.